

## honeymoon by e\_ddie

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe, Anal Sex, Established Relationship, How Do I Tag, M/M, Morning Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Same-Sex Marriage, Slow and Sweet, newlyweds, this sucks

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**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

first morning in honolulu.

aged up to 34.

## honeymoon

there were zero dry eyes at mike and will's wedding ceremony, with no exceptions of their own. they all cried in different ways with different reason; joyce, who tried to keep her cool but eventually let the tears escape and roll down her cheeks, attempted to keep up with them with tissues handed to her by her husband jim.

her little boy finally grew up.

she knew will would be eternally happy with mike, she saw the way will's eyes lit up at his name, the way his smile grew ten times wider at the sight of mike alone. the only thing she would ever want for will was happiness, and mike gave it to him.

their friends had varying reactions, but it was clear they all felt the same way. dustin typically wasn't one to cry, and had managed to hold back until the kiss, when they were pronounced as husbands. their friends would probably never let him live it down, the way he sobbed and giggled at himself for doing so. max and jane both shed a few not-so-discreet tears because of the way the two looked at eachother, it would be a cold day in hell when you could convince them that any two people in the world loved eachother more than mike and will loved eachother. there was no doubt, just from the look on their faces, their tears of joy. the way mike treated will as his very prized possession, like he was a precious jewel amongst thousands of stones.

lucas maintained his calm demeanor almost the entire time, smiling warmly at his friends while nodding as unacknowledged tears fell from his eyes. he knew this was merely the beginning of something beautiful, and he couldn't feel happier for his childhood best friends.

their honeymoon came two months later, one week and five days spent in honolulu, hawaii. on the first night the newlywed couple arrived, they had no time or energy to spare. it was late at night, around 2 in the morning, and they were both jet lagged as hell. unpacking their belongings felt like a strenuous exercise, and they sure weren't going to finish their night off with anything other than getting undressed and falling asleep.

although they didn't have it in them to do anything exciting their first night there, mike promised will that tomorrow would be more than worth it. he whispered into will's crown as he spooned him, going on to will about how tomorrow would be an exciting day, (not that will had any doubts in the first place, of course.)

and an exciting day it was.

serenity was the only word to describe the feeling in the air as will slowly woke, turning on his side to take in the view of mike sleeping next to him. mike slept with his stomach facing down and his cheek squishing into the pillow, facing will, the blanket halfway draped over his lanky frame. his freckled back and broad shoulders were on display, and his arms were folded and tucked beneath his head. will watched as deep, even breaths left mike's parted lips, the sound of tiny snores making will smile as his back rose and fell steadily.

will reached his hand over to mike, and softly rubbed at his smooth skin, massaging his hand up and down mike's shoulder and bicep. he let out a sigh of contentment when mike stirred in his sleep, beginning to slowly wake up. his heavy eyelids blinked once or twice before opening, an immediate sleepy smile forming on his face at the sight of his lover. mike pursed and licked his lips as he began to sit up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes before whispering a 'good morning' to his husband. he stretched his arms out, relieving the tension from his sore muscles, then lying back onto the bed to greet will with a peck on the lips.

mike slept almost completely bare, clad in only his boxers, while will settled for a pair of briefs and one of mike's t-shirts he practically drowned in. will usually felt particularly cold at night, while mike always radiated warmth, giving will a perfect reason to cling onto him like a koala bear to it's mother every single night.

"you sleep well?" mike asked in a hoarse morning voice, the same tired grin plastered on his face from before. will murmured a quiet 'yeah' and mike couldn't help but stare, gazing in admiration. a comfortable silence fell between the two as mike eyed him, making him blush in the same way he did when they were teenagers.

will was the sun, and mike wanted more than anything to bask in

him all day; to feel the warm golden rays wash his body with a caramel color, in sharp contrast to his ridiculously pale skin. he was the sun even when it was setting, because he somehow became more beautiful to mike right before he had to leave him, making the time they were apart almost unbearable. the sunrise, however, made every second worth the wait. the way will glowed with ebullience and joviality when reunited with mike never failed to make him swoon.

"mike." will half-whispered, snapping mike out of his daydream. they both chuckled, mike leaning in close, placing his hand on will's healing sunburnt shoulder. mike's eyes were halfway closed while will's were lightly shut, flickering open every few seconds when their lips were just barely grazing each other, their breath hot against each other's mouths. they weren't quite kissing yet, every time will tried to close the gap between them, mike would playfully back his head away. will exhaled a laugh when mike stuck his tongue out and licked at his bottom lip once, before grabbing mike's head to keep it in place and connecting their lips at last.

they moved together and pulled apart a few times while mike took control. still interlocked, mike shifted himself so that half of his body was hovering over will and will was lying flat against the bed, one of mike's hands pinning will's arm down and the other cupping will's jaw.

they kissed a bit messily at first, only because it was so difficult to not smile against each other's mouths in between kisses. mike tasted candied strawberries on will's lips, and having a sweet tooth, he couldn't get enough. mike slipped his tongue into will's mouth, slowing their pace and reveling in will's hitched breathing. freeing will's arm from under his grasp, mike began to run his hand up and down will's torso from under his loose shirt, letting his fingers linger a bit longer on sensitive places like his nipples and hip bones. he lifted the shirt up to his chest and traced featherlight circles on will's skin with his middle finger, leaving a chill with each soft motion.

will disconnected from mike and lifted his back off of the bed slightly, allowing mike to swiftly lift his shirt over his head. wasting no time, he tossed the old band t-shirt across the room and joined their lips together once again, unhurriedly toying with will's briefs, he curled his fingers underneath the waistband. his nimble fingers

found their way inside will's underwear, he wrapped a fist around will's length, sleepily pumping him as they kissed. will let out a sigh as he smiled against mike's lips.

nothing about it was experimental, there was no finding out what will liked or what he didn't. after being together for so long, mike knew exactly what it took to make will fall apart like a sixth sense, he could probably do it in his sleep - which, as a matter of fact, he pretty much was. he was still drowsy and his arm would get tired tremendously quick. this didn't stop him though, as he kept his slow pace as he stroked will, swiping his thumb over the head each time as will became hard under his touch.

will put his palm flat on mike's bare stomach, sliding it down into his boxers and mirroring mike's actions, rubbing him at the same slow pace. he flicked his wrist, mike humming with delight as he disconnected their lips and lowered his head into the crook of will's neck. will pulled his hand back, taking on the job of lazily fetching the bottle of lube and box of condoms from their carry on that was sitting next to the bed.

he then pulled his briefs off and threw them across the room, leaving it to be picked up later. mike busied himself with his own boxers, tugging them down and kicking them off, discarding them, now untidily dangling off the edge of their bed.

'mmh' mike purred, lightly skimming his fingertips up and down will's midsection,

*"you look really pretty."* he whispered, his voice still a bit raspy and his eyes drawn halfway shut, blinking slowly every few seconds. without missing a beat, will grabbed the bottle of lube with his right hand and passed a condom to mike with his left. after popping the cap, will squirted a generous amount of lube on his hand while mike unwrapped the condom, leisurely sliding it on himself.

mike was probably too tired, will figured, and just decided to prep himself. it usually went faster that way too, mike was always super gentle and deliberate which greatly slowed down the process. not that will wanted it to go fast or anything, usually he enjoyed to speed things up, but this morning called for something more slow and

sweet; not enough to tire them out but to hopefully wake them up a bit and make for a perfect start to the first day of their honeymoon.

will sat on his knees, facing mike while he gently pushed his middle finger inside himself, slow enough to let himself get used to it but quick enough so he could ease the process along faster. he, of course, knew his own body and what he could handle (not that mike didn't, he was just always extra careful "*just in case!*") he went down to his second knuckle, pushing it in and out until he was ready for a second. the index finger came next, stretching him out a bit more. a bit uncomfortable, that was inevitable, but mike's face made it worth it.

his half-lidded eyes, sleepy smile and heated cheeks, pretending to fan himself off with one hand while stroking himself with the other. will shook his head, breathing out a silent chuckle as he added a third finger, scissoring and curling them inside of himself. finally adjusted to the stretch, will purposely -- reluctantly, but purposely -- avoided his prostate although he was perfectly capable of hitting it, saving the fun for his husband.

lying down once again, will pulled his fingers out of himself. he squeezed some more lube onto his palm, stroking mike to get him slicked up. mike situated himself behind will, in the spooning position; hiking will's leg up, knee bent and his back pressed flush against mike's chest, mike lined himself up with will's entrance.

the moment mike started to push the head in, will practically melted. he couldn't help but let a drawn out groan escape his lips at the feeling of mike stretching him out, a slight sting that, at this point, didn't even hurt, it only added to the pleasure. mike's head became fuzzy, feeling immensely good, not only from the stimulation, but being intimate with will would never get old and never failed to make him go absolutely crazy.

mike slowly pushed into will, his eyebrows pinching together as he did so. feeling so lethargic made mike more sensitive to touch, thus making the pleasure remarkably intense as he worked the rest of the way into will, eventually bottoming out. mike inched his way out and gently thrust back in, before he found a steady pace where he could go nice and slow. with every few languid thrusts, will let out a soft moan, as did mike.

mike gripped at will's sides, the pressure leaving small yellow-white fingerprints that would fade seconds later. with his lips so conveniently near will's neck, mike took the opportunity to kiss, suck, and lick at his sensitive skin, leaving a few unintentional bruises. mike kept his rhythm as best as he could, a bit messy here and there but they both enjoyed it nonetheless. one roll of mike's hips was particularly perfect, hitting will in a sweet spot that caused his head to fall back, now resting beside mike's.

without a word, mike pulled out of will and flipped him over. they were now facing eachother, will's legs spread while lying flat on the bed and mike resting above him, pulling will into a kiss as he slipped inside him once again. he went the slightest bit faster, thrusting into will as he now had a much better angle. the aging wood of the hotel room bed started to creak every time mike picked up speed, signaling to him that he needed to slow down.

the air felt thick, their heads spinning and a haze of both drowsiness and pleasure washed over the two, all other senses going out the door. their faces were incredibly warm, tinged bright pink with small beads of sweat on their hairlines and eventually their cheeks as well. taking him into another firm kiss, mike went deeper inside of will, having an exceptionally hard time keeping his eyes open. will took his own cock into his hand, quickly pumping for what felt like forever until mike was finally able to pry his eyes open, shooing away will's hand with a tap and replacing it with his own.

there was a pool of heat in mike's lower stomach that twisted, turned, and bubbled. it began to thicken, transforming into a solid coil, almost like a spring, being wound tighter with every passing moment. it built up so tense with potential energy, threatening to break any minute. mike began to moan, broken and cracked as if there was gravel lodged in his throat. will did the same, however his moans were softer, more thin and clear, all while increasing in pitch every second.

even with will's feminine whimpers and mike's hoarse groans, the obscene sound of skin slapping against skin, and wet noises from the excess lube, neither of the two had any clue how loud they were being. they, frankly, could not find a single care in the world. they were hypnotized, in a trance of eachother, as if a spell was cast upon

them, where it seemed as though only the other mattered.

mike shifted, this time somehow getting an even better angle than before; the head now brushing against will's prostate almost every time he pushed into him, with the exception of only a few. it felt slow and sweet, like thick molasses, time slowed as they made love to each other, bodies pressed close together.

to say will was close to his climax was an understatement. he was seconds away from his breaking point and couldn't find the words in him to tell mike, all that came from his mouth were strings of whispered curses, whines, and moans, along with mike's name mixed in there, of course. mike was deep into will, bottoming out every time he thrust into him.

very sudden, but not unexpected, will gasped and arched his back as he finished. he came in hot white ribbons, a drawn out silvery moan coming from his lips. mike slowed until he came to a stop, looking into will's eyes as he came down from his high, about to pull out to finish for himself.

"no," will objected "keep going." usually, will wanted to rest almost immediately after his orgasm, but today, he decided, would be nice to try something new.

"you're sure?" mike said, cautious although he was already beginning to involuntarily slowly move inside him again. will silently complied, nodding his head and starting to writhe from the overstimulation. mike picked up the same pace he had before, cradling will's face in his hands while kissing him softly on the lips.

unbeknownst to will, mike was becoming dangerously close as well. only a few minutes later, without warning, after one more snap of mike's hips, the coil in the pit of his stomach shattered. he came to a halt, eyes screwed tightly shut as he finished inside of will, spilling into the condom.

will winced as mike pulled out of him, he lay on the bed spent and worn out. mike rose, tying off the used condom and tossing it in the trash. he hovered over will once again, mike's head above his stomach. he dipped his tongue into the warm liquid that painted



will's stomach, before will scrunched up his nose and swatted his face away.

"you're disgusting." will shook his head with a chuckle.

"takes one to know one, baby." mike winked, licking his lips. will lay in silence with his eyebrows furrowed for a few moments before he spoke again.

"i'm pretty sure that's not how the saying works, dork," he began, "go get me a towel or i'll do it myself." they both laughed again, play fighting was always a part of their relationship ironically after the 'honeymoon stage.'

mike strode over to the small restroom, grabbing a bath towel, he rinsed it with warm water and a few drops of hand soap, walking over to will and flashing him a closed lip smile. sitting next to him on the edge of the bed, mike wiped will's chest and stomach off while humming a random tune he had heard on the radio the other day.

once will's stomach was all cleaned up, mike placed the towel on the bed side table. not bothering with clothes, mike crawled into bed, facing will. will shifted to the side and greeted him with a kiss,

"hey." he spoke gently, a smile still lingering on his lips. mike pulled him in for another kiss, longer this time, before letting go to catch his breath.

"whoever said breakfast was the most important part of the day was an idiot." mike joked, rubbing his thumb along will's soft cheek, indulging himself in the sight of his lover's face. he placed both of his arms under will's armpits, hoisting him up and rolling him over so that he was laying flat over mike, their chests pressed together. will playfully rolled his eyes,

"what am i gonna do with you, michael byers?" mike's face immediately lit up at the reminder of his new last name.

"not sure, but i know i'll never get used to that." he smiled, "i'll never get tired of it either."

**Author's Note:**

originally posted on wattpad, username e-ddie, this  
is really bad my apologies!